

THE RETREAT OF ORTHODOXY

BY JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

Another retreat of orthodoxy has been made in a sermon preached by Rev. J. Kinsey Smith at the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Ky., on March 23.

Rev. J. Kinsey Smith's subject was "Jonah." The subject is not a new one. The Bible character Jonah and the Bible character the whale, whom he was most intimately associated with, have been stars on the theological stage for centuries, rivaled only by Adam and the talking snake, who laid the foundation stone of theology. Jonah was an indispensable and able assistant in perfecting the scheme of salvation, for if Jonah had not remained in the whale's belly three days, and then been thrown up on dry land, how could it be proven that Christ lay dead in the grave three days (according to the Bible, Christ lay in the grave two nights and one day), and then came up from the grave alive, and with strength to leave the sin-cursed earth and ascend to his "Father in Heaven?" How can any credulous mind fail to see that each of these miracles proves the other? It has always seemed strange to me that the inspired writer in giving the history of Jonah did not plainly state that Jonah being swallowed by a whale, and turning against the whale's stomach came to earth again, was a type of a crucified Savior of the race who should be put to death by God's chosen people, sleep three days in the bowels of the earth, and then come to earth again. If this had been done, it might not have added to the prominence and immortal fame of Jonah, but it might have resulted in a general acceptance of Christ without the devices, designs and pleadings of orthodoxy for 2,000 years.

No matter how this fish story is disposed of, Jonah is a gentleman that orthodoxy can't keep down any more than the whale could. The Louisville Times said that Dr. Smith's sermon on Jonah was interesting. Why not? Any human being who had passed through such experience as Jonah is interesting both in or out of a sermon.

Dr. Smith said that "the Book of Jonah had been a storm center for kind and unkindly criticism, and by many had been held up to ridicule." This should not trouble the orthodox for the only thing on this earth that cannot be ridiculed is the TRUTH. Dr. Smith proceeds in his sermon as follows:

"Various schools of thought have applied themselves to the book. One holds that it is a pure work of fiction; another that the story of Jonah is allegorical, after the manner of the parables of the New Testament, and intended to instill the lesson of God's goodness, forgiveness and mercy.

"The evangelical school, however, explained Dr. Smith, held to the strict line of the inspiration and truth of the Book of Jonah. It teaches that Jonah was actually swallowed by the great fish and lived within it until cast up.

"It is no more difficult to believe that Jonah was swallowed by the fish," continued the preacher, "than to believe that Christ expanded the loaves and fishes into enough to feed the multitude, or that he turned water into wine. The acceptance of a miracle is an act of faith. Why is it harder to accept one miracle than another?"

One thing is certain, the story of Jonah is a pure fiction, an allegory, or a FACT. Fiction and allegory are twins. A parable is defined as a moral fable, an allegory like a parable is also a fable, so both are pure fiction.

The Bible abounds in parable and allegory. They ride rough-shod over truth, common sense, natural law, history, arithmetic, geography and astronomy. The Bible allegory is recognized at once because it is always preposterous, impossible and incredible, yet we are taught that it is but an ambuscade for the truth.

Strange that the Divine Author should not bring poor mystified humanity face to face with the truth upon the questions on which it is claimed the immortal destiny of the race hangs.

Bible writers alone employ metaphor, allegory and parable to puzzle the reader.

Even in Esop the Arabian Nights, Munchausen, Josephus and Confucius in their ornate, decorative style, made the meaning of their allegories perfectly clear. If the whale really swallowed Jonah, to give to the world a type of Christ lying in the grave three days, it was hard on the whale, harder on Jonah, and the basest allegory ever presented to the human mind.

Dr. J. Kinsey Smith in his sermon said "he believed that Jonah was actually swallowed by the great fish and lived within it until cast up." Dr.

Smith said that "it is no more difficult to believe that Jonah was swallowed by the fish than to believe that Christ expanded the loaves and fishes into enough to feed the multitude, or that he turned water into wine." It is in fact very difficult to believe either of these, so difficult that the world at large rejects them, and they are believed or preached only by the unevangelical clergy and their credulous flocks. But it is more difficult to believe the Jonah story than that "Christ multiplied the loaves and fishes and changed water into wine."

Neither Jonah nor the whale were God, and it is claimed that Christ is God, and the Christian teaching is that "all things are possible with God." Certainly it cannot be claimed that the man Jonah and the big fish could perform such wonders as God.

The Rev. Smith says "the acceptance of a miracle is an act of faith. Why is it harder to accept one miracle than another?" It is not, to those who accept on faith all that is preached from the pulpit as truth. A big miracle or a little one, is entirely acceptable to the mind that inherits its belief.

A book on "Jonah" has been written by a noted theologian, and in it he says that while Jonah was a guest at the marine hotel, he could hear the sea-weed scraping the sides of the great fish, and a picture has been painted showing Jonah sitting at luncheon with a mermaid in one of the private dining rooms of the ocean hotel. And this it is claimed forecasts the Last Supper of our Lord held in an upper room at Jerusalem.

Do we believe these things? Why not? "It is all a matter of faith," as Dr. Smith truly says. Could the most obtuse mind fail to recognize that Jonah while in the whale's stomach taking lunch with a mermaid is a type of the risen Savior instituting the Eucharist?

Certainly not, if faith is strong enough. The Bible teaches that "faith can remove mountains." It never has done so up to date. Old Ararat and all the other mountains are just where they were when Moses was in the wilderness. Earthquakes may have given them a shaking, but the combined faith of the ages has never moved one of them. Of course, we don't know what faith may do hereafter, as it is young yet, only a few thousand years old.

But now listen to Dr. J. Kinsey Smith in his Jonah sermon, and here is where he beats an ungraceful retreat from Bible infallibility and Presbyterian orthodoxy. He says:

"But in the spirit of candor and frankness I desire to say that I should not attempt to read a man out of the church who, after consideration and reflection, came to the conclusion that the story of Jonah is an allegory. That is a matter for his own conscience. No man can prove, or will ever be able to prove, from evidence outside of the Bible, whether the story of Jonah is really history. It is an act of faith and belief whether you accept it as history."

So a person does not have to believe the Jonah part of the Bible to be admitted to Dr. Smith's church. Poor old Jonah, after his rough experience of being evicted by the whale, now orthodoxy knocks him out of the Bible, like Noah's weary dove, he can find no place to rest. If "conscience" can reject the Jonah miracle, how about the other miracles of the Bible? The birth and resurrection of Jesus are stupendous miracles, and as Dr. Smith says of the Jonah story, "No man can prove, or will ever be able to prove, from evidence outside of the Bible, whether the story of Jonah is really history. It is an act of faith and belief whether you accept it as history."

How did you find out I was immoral? You ought to give the specifications. Such indefinite statements from a man who is ashamed to give his name don't count.

Some pretty solid old theologians pronounced me a scholar in the Bible and ordained me to the ministry when I was only about 21 years old.

As to by worshipping Charles C. Moore it is true that a good many people have said I was egotistic, but it has never injured my health. Your abuse of me, mixed up with your prayers for me, sound like you are a hypocrite.

All that racket about Jesus and the Holy Ghost and the Gospel don't count. I don't believe in Ghosts—holy or unholy—and think that nobody but a very ignorant man does believe in them.

All that rot about my eyes being opened to see the beauty of the Lord, has been wasted on me many times before. Give us something fresh or give us a rest. I do not condemn all Christians. I feel sorry for some of the very ignorant ones because I think it possible that they do not know any better. But I despise all people as intelligent as you are who claim to be Christians, for they are all mean just like you are.

If you could put me in the penitentiary, or roast me at a stake, because I don't believe as you do, you would do it.

You are a dangerous, bad citizen, and it's my job to knock out fellows of your kind, and I am going to do it. You are almost certainly known to be a rascal, and that's the reason you don't sign your name. You would probably steal and lie and seduce a woman if you could.

I don't know of any death-bed confessions of any prominent infidels. I know that Ingersoll died with a smile on his face, idolized by his wife and children. I know he was a kind man, because I experienced his kindness. He was not ashamed to sign his name to anything he wrote, even to a hundred dollar check to help the poor. I don't know of any grand results and blessings from the Christian religion. I know about Torquemada and Phillip 2nd, and

St. Louis to Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Cal., and Intermediate points during March and April, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway (Katy Flyer Route), will sell tickets at above rate. Personally conducted excursion cars leave St. Louis every Tuesday at 8:22 p. m. via Denison, Dallas, Waco, San Antonio and El Paso, Texas. For further particulars call on or address H. F. Bowsher, D. P. A., 435 Walnut street, Cincinnati, O.

A CHRISTIAN

WHO IS ASHAMED TO SIGN HIS NAME.

St. Louis, Mo., April 14, 1902.
Charles C. Moore, Editor, Lexington, Kentucky:

I picked up a copy of the "Blue Grass Blade" a few days ago and upon examining its contents I found it to be so vile that I cannot believe it emanated from a "man, the noblest work of God,"—(from a man in his right mind). Surely you are one of Satan's most zealous emissaries. I cannot understand why you are permitted to publish and distribute such a sheet.

You are a very wicked and immoral person, and it is absurd for you to claim to edit your paper in the interest of good morals.

You are evidently not a student of the Bible. Of course you do not believe that the Bible is the word of God, neither do you believe that there is a God. You are not a Heathen, but you are worse than a Heathen—for they worship the unknown God—I think that you worship Chas. C. Moore.

Ignorant and egotistic you are greatly to be pitied, and my prayer to our Heavenly Father is that you may be brought to a knowledge of the truth. May the Holy Spirit enlighten your mind in the knowledge of God and renew your will and enable you to embrace Jesus Christ, who is so freely offered in His Gospel.

I hope you will stop in your wild career and consider what you are doing against the interest of good morals, and that your eyes may be opened to behold the beauty of the Lord.

In your tirade against infidels, Christians, why do you condemn all who claim to be Christians—in such harsh terms.

Will you please publish in your paper some facts concerning the lives and death-bed confessions of some of the most prominent infidels—and also the grand results and blessings upon the world by the Christian religion. And what has infidelity done for mankind. "State all facts; no lies."

Will you publish this communication in your next issue, if the Lord will spare your unprofitable life to do so. "In Him you live and have your being." May He have mercy on your soul.

If you turn from your wicked way and live—and become a follower of the Savior—I will then make known to you my name.

ANSWER.

If a man's reputation for good morals and intelligence is good he is always glad to sign his name. If it's bad he won't sign it.

You write a beautiful band and spell right.

For a good while they did try to keep me from publishing this sheet—fined me; put me in jail and in the penitentiary, threatened to kill me; assaulted me with fists, sticks, pistol and other little Christian attentions, but finally gave it up; not enough of them of your way of thinking.

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St. Bartholomew's Eve, and the Inquisition and the burning of Tyburn and Borne and the wars with China and the Philippines and the Boers—all "results" of the Christian religion, but not considered "blessings" by good people.

To tell the good that infidelity has done for mankind would take a whole book.

I will give you only some samples of men of modern times that infidelity has produced. Abraham Lincoln, who destroyed the Christian institution of slavery; Ingersoll, the greatest orator that America ever produced; Mark Twain, the greatest humorist who ever lived; Edison, the greatest scientist who ever lived; Carnegie, the greatest giver of money and patron of learning that ever lived.

Infidelity gave to the world, Lick, the greatest patron of astronomy; Lee Tolstoy, the greatest philanthropist who ever lived; Li Hung Chang and Wu Ting Fang, the greatest combinations of finance, statesmanship, morals and learning of modern days. Kentucky infidelity gave to the world May 12, Collins, the most wonderful girl ever born in America, except Helen Keller, and it gave James Lane Allen, the most beautiful of American writers.

The leading Christians of the world—one of them in the last few days has gone to hell, and another one is about to go there—are Leo XIII., Talmage, Sam Jones, Edward VII., Emperor William and Czolgosz. If your God had sent us a rattlesnake in place of each of these he would have done a better job than he commonly does.

I have just gotten another letter from St. Louis, your town. The writer was a poor boy, and I had money and made great sacrifice to help him. He is now very rich and for years has expressed great admiration of me. I lately wrote him that I was hard run for money and wanted assistance to buy a limousine. He wrote me the most abusive letter I ever got. He is a good Methodist.

You are really a Christian or a misnomer infidel, who has written this letter to hear my reply. No genuine infidel is willing to base as a Christian, for the purpose of perpetrating a joke that would cause me loss of time and money.

MISS STONE

The Missionary—Why the Heathen Didn't Eat Her.

I am a heathen and I have seen many a pretty woman here in Kentucky that I could eat like a warbler with sugar and cream, but I don't. I wouldn't have to be awful hungry before I could eat a steak of that Stone woman that we paid the heathen \$75,000 to get back.

There's a picture of her in the New York World representing her as she stepped off the ship onto this country. She's got her eyes turned heavenward to look like a saint, and all she lacks is side-whiskers to make her look like old Com Paul Kruger.

The Somerset County Democrat (I don't know what state) says:

"Miss Stone, the American missionary, and her companion, Miss Tsilka, have been released again. This time the story is true, the Belgian brigands have our ransom money and the women have their freedom. The startling part of it is the announcement that Miss Tsilka's husband, who, by the way, is a preacher, was the principal in the plot to carry the women off. If this story turns out to be true we'll have to vote for Tsilka a very long-headed rascal. If he should get his share of the big pile of ransom money he would demonstrate that it is, perhaps better to steal one's own wife than another man's."

The Ohio Penitentiary News, that I used to edit and, by the way, it's a good little paper, has this item about her:

"My whole aim now is to pay the ransom. This debt is more important than saving souls," said Miss Stone, and this point of view does honor to herself and raises the credit of missionaries, even among the opposition.

STOLE A BIBLE.

A Deaf Mute Given One Year In the Penitentiary.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 2.—James Mason, a deaf mute, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary after entering a plea of guilty to the unusual charge of stealing a Bible.

The fact that at the time of the theft he had concealed the sacred book in some bed clothing belonging to Nancy Spears, the owner of the volume and had forgotten to send the clothing back, added to the severity of his sentence.

Judge Shackelford Miller after sentencing Mason made a subscription of \$1 to a fund which was speedily collected and the prisoner left for Frankfort bearing with him a Bible presented to him by the Judge and the officers of the court.

CHARGED WITH HERESY.

Lebanon, Ill., April 10.—Because of the authorship of a book advocating the doctrine of reincarnation of souls, and offering scriptural reference in support thereof, Rev. Columbus Bradford has been removed from the pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Okawville, to which he was appointed last year, and at the next meeting of the Lebanon District Conference he will be called on to answer the charge of heresy.



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St. Louis, Mo.

TIME TABLE.		LEXINGTON & EASTERN RAILWAY.	
(St. Louis-Louisville Line.)		Eastbound.	
Corrested February 1, 1902.		No. 1. No. 4.	
SOUTHERN RAILWAY.		Daily Ex. Daily Ex.	
No. 4. No. 10. No. 2.		Sunday. Sunday.	
Lv. Lex. 5:15 am 7:35 am 3:50 pm		Stations.	
Lv. Ver. 5:37 am 8:03 am 4:18 pm		Lv. Lexington 7:10 7:40	
Lv. Law. 5:52 am 8:25 am 4:40 pm		Lv. Winchester 7:18 7:48	
Lv. Shel. 6:40 am 9:15 am 5:30 pm		Lv. L. & E. Junction 7:47 8:17	
Lv. Pad. 8:05 am 10:45 am 7:00 pm		Lv. Clay City 8:14 8:44	
Ar. Pad. 7:20 pm 7:45 pm		Lv. Stanton 8:41 9:11	
Ar. Evans. 1:30 pm 1:30 pm 10:00 am		Lv. Natural Bridge 8:49 9:19	
No. 4 handles from Lawrenceburg to Louisville sleeper from Birmingham and Chattanooga via Burghin.		Lv. Turrett 9:14 9:44	
No. 2 handles from Lawrenceburg to St. Louis sleeper from Charleston via Burghin.		Lv. Brattsville Junction 9:46 10:16	
No. 5 handles parlor cars from Lexington to Louisville.		Ar. Jackson 10:10 11:30	
Three trains daily between Louisville and Lexington.		Westbound.	
Special inducements made to home seekers looking for homes in the South and Southwest.		No. 1. No. 3.	
S. T. SWIFT, C. T. A., Lexington, Ky.		Daily Ex. Daily Ex.	
W. G. MORGAN, R. T. A., Lexington, Ky.		Sunday. Sunday.	
C. C. STEWART, T. P. A., Lexington, Ky.		Stations.	
C. H. HUNGERFORD, D. P. A., Louisville, Ky.		Lv. Jackson 11:30 6:25	
G. E. ALLEN, A. G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.		Lv. Brattsville Junction 11:38 7:08	
H. B. SPENCER, Gen. Mgr., St. Louis, Missouri.		Lv. Turrett 11:47 7:17	
		Lv. Natural Bridge 11:55 7:25	
		Lv. Stanton 12:02 7:32	
		Lv. Clay City 12:09 7:39	
		Lv. L. & E. Junction 12:16 7:46	
		Lv. Winchester 12:23 7:53	
		Ar. Lexington 12:30 8:00	

ARRESTED ON SERIOUS CHARGE.

C. J. Joines, Peddler and Evangelist, Said to Have Assaulted a Child.

C. J. Joines, a peddler and itinerant evangelist, is in jail charged with criminal assault upon Sarah Reigel, an 11-year-old girl. The girl says the assault occurred Tuesday at Shelby and Main streets where Joines some times gave talks to those who attended services at the Echo Mission. It was only after much persuasion that the child told her mother of the alleged assault. She said that Joines threatened to kill her if she told. He denies the charge brought by the child—Courier-Journal.

APPROPRIATE NAME.

MR. C. C. MOORE.
Eckmansville, Ohio.
Sir—I wrote you some time ago asking you to send me more of your obnoxious publications to my address. But they still come. I think you will see the folly of sending them here when I tell you that I neither read them myself nor permit any one else to. As soon as they come out of the office I burn them and shall continue to do so with every copy that comes.

L. E. GREENHORN.
Comment. Your name comes mighty near sizing you up. You are a Greenhorn.

Your childish rage don't hurt me any. Some body has paid for the paper and sent it to you. The gentlemanly way, if you don't want it is to ask your postmaster to notify me that the paper is "Returned." He is paid to do that. Your ill-tempered card simply exposes you and your religion and makes infidels.

WILSON'S LECTURES.

The two lectures by Dr. Wilson, which are now published in pamphlets, "Is the Christian Immortality a normal desire of the human mind," and "The realistic Ecclesiastic and Economic Tyranny the cause of Anarchy," are meeting with ready sales. Their popularity is attested by the fact that all extra editions of Blades in which they were both published were snapped up in orders of tens, twenties and hundreds. We can offer our readers no better propagandic literature, the one theological and the other socialist. The vital question discussed in these lectures should be put into the hands of every one. You can all afford to pass a few of these around.

I have placed myself in debt by publishing a large quantity of these pamphlets, and I hope the readers will assist and relieve me by purchasing them at once. You will not only be helping me, but help forward the good work. The prices of the pamphlets on "Immortality" is 15 cents or \$ for \$1. On the "Causes of Anarchy" 10 cents or 12 for \$1.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Grand Junction, Col., April 10, 1902.
Please change J. W. Sawyer, 356 East Market, Louisville, Ky., to this place. Mulligan is wrong; the sunshine is the brightest in Colorado, but he is right about politics "in Kentucky." Yours truly, J. W. SAWYER

Comment. Old-time readers of the Blade will remember with pleasure Dr. Sawyer's name. He was formerly editor of the "Southern Journal" in Louisville, a Prohibition paper. He is now an enthusiastic Socialist.

LOUISVILLE. HENDERSON & ST. LOUIS RY.

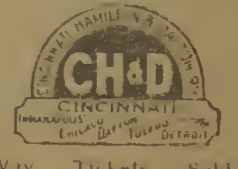


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THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

BY FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

For Sale, in Book Form, by The Book-Lover Press, New York City.

This is the Most Wonderful Poem of the 20th Century—Charles C. Moore.

The weary sun, with wavering throbs of light,
Flourished by the crimson of its clouds, had set
Upon the vine-loved hills of Olivet,
Leaving them guarded by the stars and Night.

The patient brook of Kidron murmured faint
Above its pebbles, as it loitered by,
While peace incomparable filled the sky
And no bird uttered there a woeful plaint

The dew-drenched rushes bowed as if in prayer,
No leafy sound perturbed the monotonous calm,
The flowers, it seemed, gave forth a sweeter balm,
Expectantly most holy filled the air.

And One, the Son of God, the spotless Christ,
Walked thither with His Father to commune,
Then to Gethsemane, where roses strewn,
His worn and wandering sandals had entwined

Then to Gethsemane, to humbly pray
Amid the birds and birds less pure than He,
There to kneel calmly, from all passion free,
Until the rosy advent of the day.

For his touchless spirit was serene,
The gross temptations and the treacherous guiles
That had been at his path, with prayers and smiles,
He had resisted, while His soul was clean

And following Him into this quiet glade
Came Peter, whom He loved, with John and James,
Men of sweet worth, dowered with immortal aims,
To watch upon the Porphy that prayed

And in the shade crepuscular and dim
They reposed, while He wandered on alone,
To speak of sins that He had never known,
While calmly they their vigil kept

Now God was greatly pleased by the sight,
And when the Savior in contrition knelt
To crave His blessings, the great God heart felt
That it would spare Him for the world that night

He still shall prosper, God superbly said,
With mien and touch and with agonized zeal
The banners and blights of multitudes to heal
To aid the helpless, resurrect the dead

But ere He give salvation unto men,
Ere He redeem their perishable dust,
Before He gaineth my unflinching trust,
His faith unshaken must be tried again

Then, the blithe birds, enraptured by Christ's prayer,
Broke thro' the silence with exultant notes,
For He had ceased, and praises from their throats,
Melodiously and sweet, refreshed the air

And Jesus Christ arose to seek the day,
While Heaven itself was dawning in His eyes,
But as He stirred, in wondering surprise,
A strange shape paced before Him on the way

A miracle of loveliness, a form
Of woman, fashioned from no mortal clay,
A creature fairer than creation's day,
With tempting love lips, amorously warm

No living thing His Godhead ever roared,
Had fallen upon His unsuspecting sight
As far as this white lily of the night,
While in serenity of prayer He prayed

No thing; and then she spake, and all her words,
Blent with the warming breezes, seemed to him
Like sighings lovable of cherubim—
Aye like the murmur of the souls of birds

"Oh, Christ, sweet Christ," she whispered, "have not fear,
I am the angel of the Lord august;
To Thee and me He hath now given His trust,
For Thy welfare sends me here

and love,
And supreme peace
And the joy of joys was His in that one hour,
The years of fast and continence restrained

Such are His mandates uttered from above.

"My body for Thy body most divine
Was formed to please, until the certain grave,
I am for all eternity Thy slave;
I but obey—lo, take me, I am Thine"

And, while the fascinating marvel spake,
Her star eyes, like two treacherous sparks of Hell,
Upon Him with a tempting glitter fell,
Her arm entwined Him like a sinuous snake

"No, no, this cannot be," the Saviour cried,
"Thou com'st to doom me with those perfect eyes,
The light within them harms and falsifies,
Thou art not God-sent; get thee from my side!"

"For hours in prayer My forehead have I bowed,
My kind disciples seek Me even now,
Their hearts are purer than thy radiant brow;
Go! leave me!" and He called to them then aloud

But wondrous spells, God hidden came to blot
The memory of the Master from their minds;
His voice was lost amid the rushing winds,
And, sleeping, the disciples heard Him not

Then like a moonbeam, that in beauty slips
Forth from a cloud, impenetrable gleam,
That woman, made from shadow and in bloom
Of beauty, placed her flower lips on His

"Oh, Man," she murmured, "art Thou so unwise
To spurn the gift Thy Father gives to Thee?
That thou not eyes to worship and to see
The unsolved secrets hidden in my eyes?"

Thy life of foolish chastity must end,
So hath it now been willed, Thou must obey
Have I not told to Thee the Lord did say
Our essences eternally should blend?"

Why shouldst Thou feebly hesitate to shure
With me Thy right, made mine, and now unmesh
Thy sad virginity within this flesh,
Oh, Man of idle fantasies and prayer?"

Art Thou a fool, to cast aside and waste
The opportunities of trust and truth,
That give thee for elephants my youth?
Great Thou! born Nature's laws and truth

Canst Thou, half God, half human, dare revile
Or hush the pleasure offered unto Thee?
Do tired birds shun the shelter of a tree?
Canst Thou resist the languor of my smile?"

Ah, no! Ah, no! Speak now not of Thy riot!
Mine eyes have burned in Thine their lasting fire,
I am Thy passion, I am Thy desire,
Thy godliness must swoon before my nod

"Answer; I hold Thee flesh and spirit fast,
Thy morbid dreamy whims have vanished now
Gaze on the whiteness of my breast
And know, and know, and know, and know

And tell me if Thy purity shall last?"
And Christ, bewildered by her ardent glance,
With new born fervors palpitantly shook;
The ghost of purity His limbs forsook

Prayerless, inert, He stood as in a trance
By powers he never had felt before compelled,
Like some snake snared and fascinated dove,
He sought the danger of her lips and love

While to her lips His seeking lips were held,
And he succumbed; He, the most pure and meek,
In awful dawn of sinning, yet did bless,
In human wise, her love and loveliness

And, lost by love, and loving, did not speak,
He felt that then His sinless life of bliss,
His days of piety unique and rare,
Had vanished in the rustle of her hair

Had faded in the clinging of her kiss,
He knew that when He spread protect ing arms
Around deserted lepers it was sweet,
But sweeter far, of ravishment complete,
Was the warm willing contact of her charms

Then man grew in the God, the God in man,
And in Christ's heart there dwelt imperious greeds,
Vague, boundless, passionous, and enormous needs,
Desires unnamed that mortals could not span

And, as the mystic perfume of her breath
Fanned with soft warmth the pallor of His cheek,
In ecstasy of passion He did speak,
Fleedless of all, defying God and Death

The joy of joys was His in that one hour,
The years of fast and continence restrained

Were in that moment haughtily regained,
He sought love only and knew no other power.

And with impetuous fervor He did cry,
"Oh, my beloved, on the dim hills away
Behold the golden harbinger of day!
Let us go hence, ere the sweet night doth die

"Let us go hence to lands of bud and balm,
To Greece that dreams beneath the flawless sky,
To Greece—where it is sweet to live and die,
To live and love in ecstasy and calm

"My soul, by thee enslaved, is thine alone,
I, who am God, heed not the God on high,
I scorn His stately splendors and deities
His boundless power, that makes the sad sea mourn

"For thee alone, oh wonder, oh desire,
For thee alone my dazzled senses burn,
Thy lips have bidden my manliness return,
Thy kiss has purified me like a fire

"Ah do not in thy pallid frailty shrink
Like gentle roses smitten by the blast;
The blight of God, my Father will not cast
One harm upon thee I am God I think

"I will protect thee from His ire and scorn,
My arm will be a shield against His hate
I love thee, hasten, we cannot await
Until the rosy advent of the morn"

But from Him, as he spake, her form had crept
And, like a swallow darting through a cloud,
Vanished and then, with guilty brows down bowed,
The wretched Saviour penitently wept

Wept for His saddest sin with scalding tears,
The one sad sin that tainted all His heart
Sharper than a viper's sudden dart,
He felt new grief and unrepented fears

For God departed from Him and re-urned
Awaited the fevered vortex of His brain
The callous temptress did not come again,
Even love had flown and left him no resource

Yet, with long palpitations of despair,
He sought her, in His treachery and unrest,
With eager eyes by madness possessed,
But found her not, and he did tear himself

He found her not, for the same God that sent
Her beauty to him bade her swiftly flee
To one deserted spot in Galilee,
There to abide and wait His maddened tent

For God was sorely angered at the fall
And sudden worship He had given to her,
His Son impeccable had stooped to err,
His anger fell upon him like a pall

And from His throne, with swift and dooming breath,
He bade the assembled hosts of Heaven, dismayed,
Lead thro' the sinner who had disobeyed,
To shame and to oblivion and death

Then thro' the glades there rose an ominous sound,
The rush of armored men, by Judas led,
The cedars trembled from their brutal tread,
And Jesus, mate, was in the torchlight found

And Judas kissed him on His tingling cheek,
Still warm with other kisses like a fire,
Still throbbing with an uncontrolled desire,
Kissed him and held him—and Christ did not speak

And Peter, roused from slumber, in despair,
Rushed with impetuous valor to defend
From any foe his Master and his friend,
And smote the servant Malchus sorely in the head

"Protect Thyself," he cried, "Oh, Master, hand,
From these dull brutes who wish Thy death and say
One only word—and they will fade away
Like withered, wind-torn leaves," but Christ resigned,

Offered no firm resistance, and confused
He stood all haggard by His useless quest
For hope and love abandoned His breast,
And wordless, He was captured and accused

Then before Pontius Pilate He was brought,
Jeered at each step, crowned with invading thorns,
The buffets of the rabble and their scorn,
Still dazed and vexed by labyrinths of thought

No vestige of divinity or pride
Moved him; he turned all that sad and questioning hour
The Lord swayed like a tempest-stricken flower,
And He was judged, and He was crucified

But when the cross-nails rent each suffering limb,

Pain worked in His mind the sense of wrong
He had committed, and the brutal thron

Heard word, repentant from His lips to thee
Who took no pity on His helpless frame,
Pardoned and promised later life again
And while the thieves besides him with a pun,
His spirit heavenward soared, and low flight came

And now it after came to pass that He,
The creature so lovely and so fair,
Who by his wantonness the rare, pure soul of Jean, mourned in Galilee
Sequestered in a sad and sombre spot,
The woe-stricken how the birds that brought her food
Had winnowed their way into such solitudes

And the birds bathed her, though she knew it not,
God bade them mourn and they did obey,
But with a tremulous note of scared woe
As if they had seen an adulterous wife with a star
They only touched the ground and flew away

And there within a place that beads would stain,
A desolate waste untraversed and wild,
He traveled and gave birth unto a child
The Son and Christ's, and image of God's Son

A rare white beauty earth had never known
The fruit of loves celestial and unique,
Who lay upon her bosom, frail and weak,
And yet with all the strength of God's own

And the child grew to prattle on her knee
A smiling paragon of mirth and grace
A serene light and glory in his face,
A glory that no mortal eye might see

But God, a unappeased, though very dear
And patient to Him was the infant's fate
It's path beyond its Father's gulf,
Turned with its wrath implacably austere

And so it bade the lightning from above
To smite the infant with its wrath
To smite the infant with its wrath
To smite the infant with its wrath

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bought it and doomed to despair

Despair to gory victories it led,
His genius unaware obeyed its call
While the vine and valley land of Galilee
Leaped with combative heels and loyal dead

In Nero's mirth-mad mind it found a home,
His violent whims were by it well conveyed,
And thus it was that urged him on dismayed,
To meet amid the ravage of his Rome

It bloomed again, as new May blooms with flowers
Within the abtender heart of Angelo,
And by transitions wonderful and low,
To Shakespeare's brain it brought transcendent powers

Unhappily, yet changing evermore this ghost
Of God's divinity possessed the earth
Lying with death and resurrect in birth,
Haunting the soul God loved or hated most

Its grandeur, which no eye hath looked upon,
Shone with red awe, without a flake of blame,
On Jena's carnage and on Wagram's name,
Throned in the God-mind of Napoleon

And thus for countless ages it will live,
By men named Genius, and in every clime,
Until the dolorous ending of all time,
Until the world hath nothing more to give

And when our earth to atoms has been hurled,
In the dim future, peopled with vague fear,
It still will live in many another sphere,
And sway creation in another world

Forever and forever it will soar,
Most glorified, in unknown planets far,
And in the glory of an unknown star,
Men now unborn its glory will adore

For that one sin of Christ's can never die,
The pardon dealt cannot for all atone,
And His Son's spirit, mystical, alone,
Untroubled or curse the aeons that pass by

And in celestial grandeur and disgrace
Will ever live, in abasement and in vain
And God's own creation is de-royed
And I speak with Him in a vain

And I speak with Him in a vain

And I speak with Him in a vain

And I speak with Him in a vain

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\$37.75

LOUISVILLE TO SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES AND COMMON CALIFORNIA PORTS

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Personally conducted Pullman Excursion Sleepers leave Louisville every Tuesday and Friday

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For further particulars address R. H. FOWLER, T. P. A., I. C. R. P., Louisville, Ky.

CHEAP TO CALIFORNIA

THE BURLINGTON'S VERY LOW ONEWAY SETTLERS' RATES.

Every day during March and April, only 30.00 from St. Louis, \$33.00 from Chicago to California terminals via Burlington Route, Denver, Scenic Colorado and Salt Lake City.

Special through tourist sleepers to San Francisco and Los Angeles personally conducted over the above route (through Colorado's wonderful scenery by daylight) every Wednesday and Friday night from St. Louis and Chicago. Secure through berth at the earliest date during the rush, in these Burlington excursions the best of all to California.

Two great Coast trains daily with free chair cars.

NORTHWEST RATES.

Chap Settlers' rates to the far Northwest daily during March and April, 1902. "The Burlington-Northern Pacific Express" is the only through train carrying through equipment from St. Louis and Kansas City to the upper Northwest region.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

These are run the first and third Tuesdays of each month to the entire West and Northwest. Ask agent for details. Do us the favor to write us of your proposed trip and let us advise you the lowest rates, the best route and trains, and you shall receive free and assist

W. H. SHAW, T. P. A., W. WAKELEY, D. P. A., V. S. Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

HOWARD ELLIOTT, General Manager, St. Louis, Mo.

\$433.50

Subscribed for the Linotype Up to April 24.

At the time I write this, March 13, I have been subscribed on the amount of \$433.50 that I ask for to make the first payment on a linotype machine, believing that I can pay the balance in the installment, that are allowed.

It more than this is subscribed by the time this goes to press for the Blade of March 23, the large figures at the top of this account will be changed to show the amount.

Of course I cannot tell any better than any of you can, whether or not I will get the job. I guess that my chances are about even—one out of two.

If I get that \$400, I am going to start, on the very next day, on my effort to get 100,000 readers for the Blade in three years if I live, with the belief that the work will be earnestly prosecuted by my friends if I die before that time is out.

In all my work with the Blade my efforts have been, until this time, to establish the literary and moral character of the paper.

In this I have been far more successful than I anticipated in the beginning. When the number of persons who enjoy the Blade, and the amount of real enjoyment of each, are taken into consideration, I doubt if there is a newspaper in the world that surpasses the Blue Grass Blade.

I am perfectly independent now regarding the fine matter that is to go into this paper each week. I may not make the scratch of a pen, and yet there will be supplied, each week, from the most infidel newspaper writers, abundance of matter to put twice as much into this paper as it ordinarily has; and that is what I intend to do. Beside this there are continually coming to the Blade articles from new correspondents of both sexes and all ages, from fifteen to ninety, in prose and poetry—things that are good and ought to be printed.

Of course there is much that my "waste barrel" catches, when return stamps are not sent. I do not intend to slack any of my personal energy as a writer for this paper, but if I can only get that \$400, I intend to put into an increase of the circulation of this paper, an energy far in excess of anything that I have ever yet exerted.

The "Appeal to Reason," a Socialist paper has attained a circulation of 120,000. It is true that Socialism, like religion and politics, has dollars and cents in it—supposedly at least—for its friends, and it is quite a different thing for an infidel paper, that is simply a matter of principle and morals, to gain such a circulation as that, but—if I can get the \$500 for the linotype—I intend to try for 100,000 readers of the Blade in three years from the day that \$500 is secured. I intend to print in large figures on the margin of each issue of the Blade the number of that issue that is printed so that all can see whether I am accomplishing my plan.

A Good Route to Try



It traverses a territory rich in undeveloped resource; a territory containing unlimited possibilities for agriculture, horticulture, stock raising, mining and manufacturing. And last, but not least, it is

The Scenic Route for Tourists.

The Frisco System now offers the traveling public excellent service and fast time—

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and points in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the Southwest.

Between Kansas City and points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and the Southeast.

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THE BEST LINE TO

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ONLY LINE TO THE FAMOUS HEALTH RESORTS

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Send in your orders for the "Sacrament" by M. Grier Kidder, ten cents each or twelve for one dollar.

DEVELOPMENT IN THE GRASS.

From Montrie Observer, April 11, 1902.

About twenty years ago, on a cool lonesome Sunday evening in the month of February, I took a walk, all alone, down the Albany branch of the S. E. & W. Ry. from Pelham, in Mitchell county, to Meigs, in Thomas county, Ga. This vast longleaf pine forest, of South-west Georgia was then an unbroken wilderness, only excepting an occasional saw mill set, or chop or hack of the turpentine hunter, with now and then a small clearing and a peeled pole residence; and such men as Wilkes, Carter, Davis, Vick Mize, Hagood, Huber, Chilpepper, etc., etc., along the way and around the then new postoffice called "Meigs," would insist that the whole of this country, aside from the whole pasturage of the wiregrass and the turpentine and lumber interests, was worthless, and that crops of corn, oats and vegetables took more value in cost of fertilizer to produce them, than the value of the crops when matured; and as a consequence of such a notion as this, lands that had been turpentine for miles around, could be bought for a song and you could sing it yourself.

Even I, L. Hand, of Pelham, argued there was no value in the immense crops of "crab" grass that grew up and covered every potato patch, melon field, corn farm, or after oats in summer and fall, but now all is changed; I, L. Hand, more than ten years ago, was selling this same "worthless crab grass," or after grass—went with a McCormick mower, raked with a spring tooth sulkey rake and laid with a machine by the car load. And Albany merchants inaugurated the "Hay Carnival," "Straw Ride," "Street Fair and Fall Festival," growing out of the cutting of this luscious fall crop with the machine, instead of pulling and riving in bundles of hay and sand. And now go over this same ground you'll find half the whole country cleared up and producing in sugar cane, sweet syrup, cow peas, goover peas, rice, cotton, watermelons, peaches, pears, plums, May berries, straw berries, sweet grapes, etc., as much in clear profit and gross value per acre as the blue grass region of Kentucky; and they sing a very different song now to that of "twenty years ago."

Then I could do the singing and buy at my own price of a few cents per acre; now they do the singing and sell at their own price, and at almost as many dollars per acre as it was cents then. And it's just about the same experience here around Montrie, where I came and pitched my tent and went to house keeping on a six dollar outfit in Col. Patterson's old Peter O. Wing "Hole Palace" on West Broad street, Montrie—now directly West of a \$25,000 brick court house and a just a little to the South of a \$20,000 "Hotel de Colquitt."

Put all is "developing" and going through a change. Soon the song of the "whip poor will" and the hoot of the owl will go with the hunter's ride and wolf pit to the archives of history and such things will be no more a fact present—only a memory.

Only yesterday I with half a dozen car loads of earnest, hungry souls, all seeking something to please, something new, something original in the line of song, music, preaching, lecture or religion, were whirled over the T. T. & G. Ry. to Titon, some twenty-five miles north, to hear the mental satirist, the religious clown, the Christian humorist, the clerical iconoclast and holy deception's relentless foe, Sam Jones, preach, and the Titon musical outfit sing;—we got the music sweet enough and good enough to make all hands wish and pray to "stay right here for heaven" instead of missing such a life, with no certainty of anything half so good or so well understood in some foreign and unknown existence, away in the cloudy beyond where we are supposed to go when worn out with old age or so dead from pain and disease that we wouldn't know a good thing from a bad if each were piled miles deep all around us—my, I can hear that music yet. 'Tis a solace all the bright sunny day and a real heaven in my dreams on the soft pillow of the night. And I hope for such human intellect divine as will soon take us all safely into that new and glorious realm of life where human drops his scales and claws and the tadpole tail as it were, and takes up a reason as his guide and life chart and relegates to the rear, animal instinct, which he has chosen as his emblem token, or ruler, secular, profane, sacred or divine, in all the former ages. But I digress.

I was talking of the "Development of the Wire Grass." I was talking about how little the old time settlers of this part of Georgia really thought of this part of the country; when a person could buy it for a song and sing it your self and you need not be of the sweet singers of Titon either, any old song would do; provided you mixed in a little cash (and the more cash the better) and you could acquire titles to lands all over this forest land, of ozone and pine; but so out on any rail road or dirt road now, and try to sing the go-pheers into their holes, and sing titles out of the settlers of this once condemned wilderness of waste and want, and you would find the other fellow doing the sing song business; and that it takes dollars, instead of cents, to buy real estate anywhere all over the long straw belt.

I have said, and heard said, a great deal within the last four or five years about the whiskey business, and its effect on the people and business of Montrie, and now I am back here, after more than year's absence, I find that the whiskey or drunkard trade of Montrie was voted out last year, and I naturally had a great curiosity to see and know and meet with and talk to the people of the town, since the business was out lawful; and I find every former saloonist to be here wearing good clothes, looking well, healthy, cleanly and happy, and all without acceptance, meet me with a smile and a hearty hand shake—and some of these same men used to look daggers and danger at me, for opposing their trade—but now I see and know that some use to ten thousand dollars per month, that once had to go out of Montrie to pay for intoxicants and license, stay right on here, and do business at the old stand, month in and month out, and

and if perchance things that were used for a short time until some better takes their place, and as the ten to fifteen thousand feet of white and yellow pine lumber per acre, is cut and cleared from these piney woods acres, and farming in real sensible and studied earnest is taken up, and drinking and fighting and lawing is dropped, there be much more room needed in this healthy and fertile country, so let's all, let our text be "Development" in the right, instead of devolution to the mind and right.

GEORGE MCCORMICK, Of Globe A Planet Eye Or The World We Live In. April 7th, 1902.

KISSES IN CHURCH CHOIR? SHOCKING!

Baritone Is Accused of Indulging Fair Singers in Osculation.

PITTSBURG, March 5.—Kissing in the church choir! This is the charge the congregation of the Cheswick Presbyterian Church will sit tomorrow night. One of the deacons, who sings baritone, has been accused of having won the affections of two fair members of the choir and exchanging kisses with them while the congregation was listening to the sermon.

The Rev. Isaac Rev. naugh, the pastor, admitted today that he had heard the reports from excellent authority, and that he had insisted on their investigation.

He is discouraged as to the future of his flock on account of the high standing of the persons involved.

Application was made for a new trial yesterday in the case of Mrs. Sarah E. McCoy, the East End widow, who was awarded \$2,500 damages against Rev. John M. Thomas, pastor of the Union Baptist Church, South Nineteenth street.

"YARNING" IS GOOD.

The Lexington Leader has a lot of opinions not endorsing old Talmage to the skies—the nearest he will ever come to getting there.

In the article appears the following: "He was a man of great brain and a great yarning, sympathetic heart."

Of course "yarning" is a typographical error for "yarning" but it shows that the chicken-click machine wanted to tell the truth when the editor didn't.

If I ever get the rino for my lino I am not going to have any such bad breaks as that.

Talmage certainly had a "gerat yarning heart." He was as big a liar as Zachary.

Didn't Knock Him Crazy.

Kinsley, Ohio, April 15, 1902.

Dear Mr. Moore—My subscription has expired and I know it. I miss your paper and can't think of having you stop it—too darn rich to do without. I have been told your paper would make me crazy, but as I notice no symptoms as yet I will risk another year. So please find enclosed \$1.00 to send her along. Yours for success,

A. W. KLEPINGER.

Answer. If it don't hurt me to write I don't think it would hurt you to read it. I may have been a little cranky when I began it, from having been a preacher, but I don't see that I am getting any worse.

KIDDER'S "VIRGIN MARY"

The Blade has now printed the 5th edition of Kidder's "Virgin Mary," the most famous infidel article of its length ever written. It is a book that made the story of the birth of Jesus Christ so ridiculous that I believe one great reason that I was not sent to the penitentiary a second time for printing it, is that the presiding judge in the United States Court was afraid to have it read to the jury because it would have made the whole court room uncontrollable with laughter.

Price of it was formerly 10 cents each of 12 or \$1. We sell now sell them 10 cents each or 15 for \$1. I believe the Blade will sell 100,000 of the "Virgin Mary."

How the Blade Sells in Lexington.

George Smith, a nice boy who wears a smile on his face and a flower in his button hole, also wears good clothes. He told me that the Blade was the first paper he ever sold and that he expected to sell it as long as he lived. I was at my office today, April 11, and George, familiarly known as "Ruhber," came in to get more papers to sell. Mr. Hughes had none to spare him. He sold 275 of the issue on Sunday, April 13. He paid 1 cent a piece for them and sold them for 5 cents each, a profit to him of \$11.00 for about two days work, beside laying up treasure in heaven by doing good.

RELIGIOUS.

Milton Sheets was hanged for murder. He walked to the scaffold singing "Nearer my God to Thee" and having two preachers. He took the sacrament. He "displayed great coolness." He probably got warmer in the place he went to.

The Spirit of '76 Still Lives. The paper weight from the hickory tree that grew out of Tom Paine's grave for the State Library of New York, will be presented to the Mayor and Common Council for their adoption, to be put in the State Library at Albany, at their next regular meeting. The paper weight weighs two pounds, New Era, New Rochelle, N. Y.

TALKED RIGHT OUT IN MEETING

And Told the Ministers a Thing or Two About the Saving of Souls.

DENVER, COLO., April 7.—Lieutenant Governor D. C. Coates, President of the State Federation of Labor, stirred up a hornets' nest in the ministerial alliance this morning when, by invitation, he told the ministers why the working classes did not go to church.

During the delivery Coates was repeatedly hissed, and when interrupted by a minister calling him a hireling, he retorted: "You are the hireling. You are supported by the blood money wrung from the smelter laborer who worked 13 hours a day for a pittance that your millionaire patron may have more money to hoard. Yes, you churchmen are filling the brothels by toadying to the owners of department stores who will not pay living wages to the poor girls condemned to serve behind the counters."

"You know what infamous business your deacons and trustees are engaged in and you are afraid to condemn their nefarious means of accumulating wealth. You, by your silence, are driving thousands to drunkenness, suicide and perdition. Help the working classes to escape the hell on earth and the workingmen will listen to your talk of hell in the hereafter."

ONE FARE ROUND TRIP

TO ASHEVILLE, N. C. VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

account SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

Tickets on sale May 6 to June 21, inclusive, good returning to May 21, with provision for extension to June 2, by payment of 50c extra.

For complete information apply to any Southern Ry. agent.

C. C. STEWART, T. P. A., Lexington, Ky.; C. H. HUNGERFORD, D. P. A., Louisville, Ky.; G. B. ALLEN, A. G. P. A., St. Louis.

M. KOBER & SON.

Reliable harness manufacturers of Brownstown, Ind., are making several grades of fine buggy harness which they are selling direct to the consumer at lowest wholesale price. Any one needing harness can save from \$4 to \$16 by buying from them. Send for their price list; it's free. They guarantee satisfaction.

Trials of Theism.

Accused of obstructing secular life By G. J. Holyoake. Cloth, \$1.

LEARN DOUBLE ENTRY BOOKKEEPING AT HOME. COST ONLY \$5.00.

A postal brings you particulars in a circular.

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Expert Accountant. Vice President National Association Accountants and Bookkeepers. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

\$25.00

KANSAS CITY TO CALIFORNIA DURING MARCH AND APRIL VIA GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

BEST TOURIST CAR SERVICE FROM KANSAS CITY TO PACIFIC COAST.

Daily Tourist Cars to Los Angeles and San Francisco via

EL PASO SHORT LINE

Twice a week via Colorado and Seaside Line. Personally conducted. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays.

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